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VOL. XXIV SEQUACHEE, TENN., THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1916 NO. 2

LEGENDS OF SUCK CREEK

Origin of Whirlpools as Told
by Indians.

UNTSAIYI, FAMOUS GAMBLER,
SUPPOSED TO LIVE THERE

Suck Was Known as Untiguhi, "Pot-
in-the-Water"---Thunder, a Great
Doctor, Believed to Have Cured
His Son in Waters.

"The interest which has been taken in Suck creek lately," said H. E. Barnett, special agent of the advertising department of the Queen & Crescent route, yesterday, "reminds me of the Indian legends which attach to that locality."

"As the Indians told it (and, by the way, they always prefaced a tale by 'This is what the old man told me when I was a boy,' rather than by the 'Once upon a time' as our grandmothers began), at the mouth of Suck creek, on the Tennessee, about eight miles below Chattanooga, is a series of dangerous whirlpools known as 'The Suck,' and noted among the Indians as the place where Untsaiyi, the gambler, lived long ago. The whirlpools were named 'Pot-in-the-Water,' on account of the appearance of the swirling, tumbling water, suggesting a boiling pot. They assert that in the old times the whirlpools were intermittent in character, and the canoe men attempting to pass this spot used to hug the bank, keeping constantly on the alert for signs of coming eruption, and when they saw the water begin to swirl more rapidly would stop and wait until it became quiet again before attempting to proceed."

"Thunder, it seems, lived in the west, or a little to the south of west, near the place where the sun goes down behind the water. In the old times he sometimes made a journey to the east, and once after he had come back from one of these journeys a child was born in the east, who, the people said, was his son. As the boy grew up, it was found that he had scrofula sores all over his body, so one day his mother said to him: 'Your father, Thunder, is a great doctor. He lives far in the west, but if you can find him he can cure you.'"

"So the boy set out to find his father and be cured. He traveled long toward the west, asking of every one he met where Thunder lived, until at last they began to tell him that it was only a little way ahead. He went on and came to Untiguhi on the Tennessee, where lived Untsaiyi, or 'Brass.'"

"Now, Untsaiyi was a great gambler and made his living that way. It was he who invented the game that was played with a stone wheel and stick. He lived on the south side of the river, and everybody who came that way he challenged to play against him. The large, flat rock, the Indians assert, with the lines and grooves where they used to roll the wheel, is still there, with the wheels themselves and the stick turned to stone. He won almost every time, because he was so tricky, so that he had his house filled with all kinds of fine things. Sometimes he had, even to his own life, but the winner got nothing for his trouble, for Untsaiyi knew how to take on different shapes, so that he always got away."

"As soon as the gambler saw the boy he asked him to stop and play a while, but the boy said he was looking for his father, Thunder, and had not time to wait."

"Well," said Untsaiyi, 'he lives in the next house; you can hear him grumbling over there all the time, so we might as well have a game or two before you go on.'"

"The boy said he had nothing to bet. 'That's all right,' said the gambler. 'Well, play for your pretty spots.'"

"He said this to make the boy angry so that he would play, but still the boy said that he must look for his father, and would come back afterwards."

"He went on and soon the news came to Thunder that a boy was looking for him who claimed to be his son."

"I have traveled in many lands, and have many children," said Thunder. 'Bring him here, and we shall soon know.'"

"So they brought in the boy, and Thunder showed him a seat, and told him to sit down. Under the blanket on the seat were long sharp thorns of the honey locust, with the points sticking up. When the boy sat down they did not hurt him, and Thunder knew that it was his son. He asked the boy why he had come."

"I have sores all over my body," the boy answered, "and my mother told me you were my father, and a great doctor, and if I came here you would cure me."

"Yes," Thunder replied, I am a great doctor, and I'll soon fix you."

"There was a large pot in the corner, and Thunder told his wife to fill it with water and put it over the fire. When it was boiling he put in some roots, then took the boy and put him in with them. He let it boil a long time, until one would have thought the flesh would boil from the boy's bones. Then Thunder told his wife to take the pot and throw it into the river, boy and all. She did as he was told, and ever since there is an eddy there that the Indians called 'Pot-in-the-Water.'"

"A service tree and a calico bush grew on the bank. A great cloud of steam came up and made streaks and blotches on their bark. When the steam cleared away the woman looked, and saw the boy clinging to the roots of the service tree, where they hung

down into the water, but now his skin was clean. She helped him up the bank, and they went back to the house together. On the way she told him: "When we go in your father will put a new dress on you, but when he opens his box and asks you to pick out your ornaments be sure to take them from the bottom. Then he will send for his other sons to come and play ball against you. There is a honey locust tree in front of the house, and as soon you begin to get tired strike at that and your father will stop the play, because he does not want to lose the tree."

"When they went into the house the old man was pleased to see the boy looking so clean, and said, 'I knew I could soon cure those spots. Now we must dress you.'"

"He brought out a fine suit of buckskin, with belt and head dress, and the boy put them on. Then he opened a box and said, 'Now pick out your necklace and bracelets.'"

"The boy looked, and the box was filled with all kinds of snakes gliding over one another with their heads up. He was not afraid, but remembered what the woman told him, and plunged his hand to the bottom. He drew out a great rattlesnake and put it around his neck. He put down his hand again four times and drew up four copperheads and twisted them around his wrists and ankles. Then his father gave him a war club and said, 'Now, you must play a ball game with your two brothers. They live beyond here in the Darkening Land, and I must send for them.'"

"The young men came, and they were both older and stronger than the boy, but he was not afraid, and fought against them. The thunder rolled, and the lightning flashed at every stroke, for they were the young Thunders and the boy himself was lightning. At last he was tired from defending himself alone against two, and pretended to aim a blow at the honey locust tree. Then his father stopped the fight, because he was afraid lightning would split the tree, and he saw that the boy was brave and strong."

"The boy told his father how Untsaiyi had dared him to play, and had even offered to play for the spots on his skin."

"Yes," said Thunder, 'he is a great gambler, and makes his living that way, but I will see that you win.'"

"Thunder brought a small cyming gourd with a hole bored thru the neck, and tied it on the boy's wrist. Inside the gourd there was a string of beads, and one end hung out from a hole in the top, but there was no end to the string inside."

"Now," said Thunder, 'go back the way you came, and as soon as he sees you he will want to play for the beads. He is very hard to beat, but this time he will lose every game. When he cries out for a drink you will know he is getting discouraged, and then strike the rock with your war club, and water will come, so that you can play on without stopping. At last he will bet his life, and lose. Then send at once for your brothers to kill him, or he will get away, he is so tricky.'"

"The boy took the gourd and his war club and started east along the road by which he came. As soon as Untsaiyi saw him he called to him, and when he saw the gourd with the bead string hanging out he wanted to play for it. The boy drew out the string, but there seemed to be no end to it, and he kept on pulling until enough came out to make a circle all around the playground."

"I will play one game for this much against your stake," said the boy, 'and when that is over we can have another game.'"

"They began the game, and the boy won. The gambler did not know what to make of it, but he put up another stake, and called for a second game. The boy won again and they played on until noon, when Untsaiyi had lost nearly everything he had and was discouraged. It was very hot, and he said, 'I am thirsty,' and wanted to stop to get a drink."

"No," said the boy, and struck the rock with his club so that water came out, and they had a drink. They played until the gambler lost all his buckskins and beaded work, his eagle feathers and ornaments, and at last offered to bet his wife. They played, and the boy won her. Then Untsaiyi was desperate, and offered to stake his own life. 'If I win I will kill you, but if you win you may kill me,' he said. They played, and the boy won."

"Let me go and tell my wife," said the gambler, 'so that she will receive her new husband, and then you may kill me.'"

"He went into the house, but it had two doors, and although the boy waited long Untsaiyi did not come back. When at last he went to look for the gambler he found him gone out the back way, and was nearly out of sight going east."

"The boy ran to his father's house, and got his brothers to help him. They brought their dog, the Horned Green Beetle, and hurried after the Gambler. He ran fast, and was soon out of sight. They followed as fast as they could."

"After a while they met an old woman making pottery, and asked her if she had seen Untsaiyi. She said she had not."

"He came this way," said the brothers."

"Then he must have passed in the night," said the old woman, 'for I have been here all day.'"

"They were about to take another road when the beetle, which had been circling around in the air above the old woman, made a dart at her, and struck her in the forehead, and it rang like brass--Untsaiyi! Then they knew it was 'brass,' and sprang at him, but he jumped up in his right shape, and was off, running so fast that he was soon out of sight again. The beetle struck so hard that some of the brass rubbed off, and you can see it on the beetle's forehead yet."

"They followed and came to an old man sitting by the trail carving a stone pipe. They asked him if he had seen Brass pass that way, and he said no, but again the beetle, which could know Brass in any shape, struck him on the forehead, so that it rang like metal, and the Gambler jumped up in his right form, and was off again before they could hold him. He ran east until he came to the great water, then he ran north until he came to the edge of the world, and had to turn again to the west."

He took every shape to throw his pursuers off the track, but the Green Beetle always knew him, and the brothers pressed him so hard that at last he could go no more, and they caught him just as he reached the edge of the great water where the sun goes down."

"They tied his hands and feet with a grapevine, and drove a long stake thru his breast, and planted it far out in deep water. They set two crows on the end of the pole to guard it, and called the place 'Crow Place.' But Brass never died, and cannot die until the end of the world, but lies there always with his face up. Sometimes he struggles under the water to get free, and sometimes the beavers, who are his friends, come and gnaw at the grapevine to release him. Then the pole shakes, and the crows at the top cry, 'Kai Kai Kai!' and scare the beavers away."

"Chattanooga is one of the most interesting cities in the United States," concluded Mr. Barnett, "for almost every spot has an Indianized legend, reaching back to the days before the white people came in, and I have seventy-six of them accumulated for years in a book to be brought out later in the year. I hope to make it an unusual piece of advertising literature, by filling it with the things one least expects are associated with the spots about home."

Chattanooga Times.

GROW RED CLOVER.

Every farmer should be growing red clover. Its value as a soil builder is well known. Its feeding value is high, either as a pasture, or when made in hay. As a pasture it is especially well adapted for hogs. As a hay it furnishes excellent material for supplying the protein contents of a balanced ration, which is to be much desired.

Late summer or early fall is unquestionably the best time for sowing red clover, and now is the proper time to begin preparing the seed bed. Stubble land from which either the small grains, wheat, oats, rye or barley, has been taken, furnishes an excellent place for August seeding. In this case the seed bed should be prepared by subsoil breaking and discing. The subsoil plow should be run twelve to fifteen inches deep with the furrows about eighteen inches apart. The land should then be double cut twice with the disc harrow, running with the furrows the first time and the second time across them. If any clods are present after the discing, they should be broken up by using the roller or plank drag, followed by the spike tooth harrow. If the subsoil plow cannot be had, the land should be broken deep with the turning plow, and immediately worked down with the disc harrow, roller and drag harrow until a satisfactory seed bed is prepared.

Land where soy beans or cow peas have been grown and taken off for hay, if taken off in time, also furnishes excellent condition for seeding to red clover. In this case, if the land has been broken deep for the beans or peas, it will not be necessary to subsoil, but the following small grains. But it will be better even then to subsoil in most cases. In no case should bean or pea stubble be turned in preparation for clover. A very satisfactory seed bed can be prepared with the disc and drag harrow.

After the seed bed has been prepared the land should be worked with the spike tooth drag harrow every ten to fifteen days until time for seeding. This will keep down the weeds, break up the top crust made by the rain, form a dust mulch on top, and conserve the moisture.

Before clover will thrive successfully, there must first be a sufficient amount of available lime in the soil. We find that most of our soils are deficient in the content of lime.

This condition can be easily remedied by applying either the burned lime or the pulverized lime stone. One ton of burned lime or two tons of crushed rock per acre usually gives satisfactory results. Lime should be applied broadcast and worked into the soil previous to seeding. Where the farmer is not in position to apply lime, if he has a fertile soil or is able to apply a top dressing of stable manure, he may sow with fair assurance of success if he follows the method of preparation as described above.

For the best results, in seeding to clover, it is advisable to apply acid phosphate at the rate of two hundred pounds per acre. This should be done previous to or at the time of seeding.

The proper time for seeding is from the middle to the last of August, preferably from the fifteenth to the twentieth. Twelve pounds of seed per acre should be sown. They may be put in with the drill or sown broadcast and harrowed in with the spike tooth drag harrow. In either case care should be exercised to avoid covering too deep. It is a very good practice to mix some of the grasses with the clover. Red clover, orchard grass and chowdow grass affords a very good mixture, and, in fact, I think it is more desirable than the clover alone. Where these two grasses are sown along with the clover, one-half bushel of each of the grasses and eight pounds of clover will be a fair seeding.

If the above outlined method is followed in the attempt to grow red clover, there should be no reason for a failure and certainly the growing of red clover is one of the first requisites of good farming.

F. M. HUTCHESON,
County Agent.

HER LEFT SIDE HURT

Mrs. Laura Beall, Plattsville, Miss., writes: "Last April I got in bad health; my left side hurt all the time. I have symptoms of Bright's disease. I took Foley Kidney Pills and feel all right now. They quickly relieve backache, rheumatism, aches and pains. Bladder troubles, too, are corrected by this remedy. For sale by J. W. Simpson & Son, Jasper, Tenn."

KILL ALL VOLUNTEER WHEAT

Department of Agriculture
Advises Plowing Under
Infested Wheat.

Following the unusually severe attack of Hessian fly in Tennessee in the fall of 1915, it is both timely and important at this time to lay stress upon the necessary mobilization preliminary to a fight upon the fly, that an even more severe loss may not be experienced in the 1917 crop," says Mr. G. M. Bentley, State Entomologist.

Mr. Bentley and Mr. H. K. Bryson, Commissioner of Agriculture, both agree that preparedness lays in plowing under the infested stubble AS SOON AS THE WHEAT IS CUT, and by discing and otherwise destroying all VOLUNTEER GROWTHS of wheat, barley, and rye, enlisting the co-operating of every farmer in the country, community, or state not to sow a grain of these three cereals before the 25th of October.

Effective fly control can be gained in no other way than by this formula, which is based entirely upon the life history of the Hessian fly. It is a fact that nothing can be done to save a crop of wheat already infested, but effective steps, as outlined above, can be taken to prevent a similar loss the following year.

Many farmers are familiar with the fly and its history and know how to control it, but painstaking effort has proven futile because their neighbors have been indifferent and heedless in adopting the certain preventive measures as outlined above. Of the wheat destroying insects, none do injury comparable to the Hessian fly. It is true that on certain years the army worm or the chinch bug may exact a heavy toll, but the "fly" leads them all with the destruction of one-tenth of the wheat grown. There are known cases in the state where as high as 90 per cent loss has been experienced. Many farmers have not harvested two-tenths of a crop this year.

The earliest recorded occurrence of the Hessian fly in Tennessee is in 1866. Since that date it has scattered to all parts of the state, and on certain years has proven a most serious pest to the wheat-growing interests. The years 1876, 1878, 1880, 1898, 1910, 1915, and 1916 have been years of very serious losses to the wheat farmer in Tennessee.

Whiteside.

Special to the News.

We are having some fine weather now, after so much rain.

The corn crops are badly damaged by the rain in this part of the country. The Odd Fellows had a big gathering at this place yesterday, and all reported a nice time.

Quite a large crowd attended Sunday school yesterday, and we hope to see more there next Sunday.

We were sorry to hear of the death of Mr. White, who was brought from Chattanooga to Whiteside for burial at his old home near Ladd's. A large crowd attended the funeral.

Misses Bertha and Maud Doyle and Mrs. Mable Long were out walking Sunday evening.

Jess Sexton and Miss Iris Doyle looked pleased Sunday.

Listen for the wedding bells to ring soon.

Mrs. Jess Holland visited Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Williams Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Castelman were out walking Sunday evening.

Ye writer and a crowd had a pleasant walk to the new Running Water bridge Sunday afternoon.

Come on, "Honey-moon," of McRoberts, for we sure do enjoy reading your pieces, and also "Reporter," of Mt. Olivet.

Miss May Williams, a very beautiful girl from South Pittsburg, is visiting her brother and wife at Whiteside this week. Look out, girls, some of you are going to get beat.

Della Williams, of South Pittsburg, spent Sunday night with Mrs. Jess Holland.

Miss Esther Foster looked pleased Sunday. Wonder why.

Morning Glory.

Signal Mountain.

Special to the News.

We are having some bad weather up here.

Edith Kell visited Mr. and Mrs. R. L. King Friday afternoon.

Ye writer left Whitwell and went to Signal Mountain, and they were so glad to see me the dead rose bushes commenced blooming.

W. T. Sampley was trimming up rose bushes Friday.

Come on, "Rainbow," I like to read your pieces.

S. P. Sampley went to Chattanooga. I wonder if he got to see his best girl.

W. T. Sampley was visiting Thursday afternoon.

Chester Miller visited Miss Viola King Thursday afternoon.

Viola King visited Mr. and Mrs. John Kell Friday afternoon.

Come on, "Honey-moon," of Hamburg. I like to read your pieces.

Come on, "Uncle Blue" and go to Chattanooga again.

Viola King and Roy Hoodenpyle were out walking Sunday. I guess they had a good time.

Erlay Hoodenpyle and Miss Kell were out walking Sunday.

Blue Ribbon.

The late Prof. Joachim was the possessor of three genuine Strad violins.

OFFICERS: T. G. GARRETT, Vice-Pres., S. H. ALEXANDER, Pres., F. A. KELLY, Cashier.

MARION TRUST & BANKING CO.

JASPER, TENN.

Capital, Surplus and Profits, \$ 25,000.00

Deposits, 123,000.00

We pay interest on time deposits.

Combine absolute safety with satisfactory service.

Give particular attention to business of farmers.

Invite new accounts upon our merits for strength and superior facilities.

A strong bank can accord liberal treatment to its patrons. Our past policy and ample resources are our guarantee for the future.

We Want Your Business

HELP SAVE YOUR PROPERTY IF WE WIN.

Public co-operation with the Fire Prevention Department would return larger dividends to the people of Tennessee than anything else that could be done by the public. If each law abiding citizen would accept from this department the authority which is hereby granted, to investigate each fire in his immediate neighborhood; notice his neighbors premises and where rubbish, oils, ashes, explosive, or other matter exists, which in their judgement creates a hazard to fire or destruction of life or property, and write the State Fire Prevention Department at Nashville informing them of such hazard or suspicious fire, the great waste from this cause would be reduced 75 per cent in a very short period of time.

Public sentiment is largely to blame for the shameful destruction by fire. The often expressed opinion is "Let the Insurance Companies pay, we have paid them enough," and a common expression among thoughtless business men is "Another fellow selling out to the Insurance companies." This is a misnomer. The people who wink and smile at such a cowardly crime, pay the fire loss; the fire bug is robbing you and me in the most cowardly manner possible.

There are cases on record where jurors have voted to acquit defendants of criminal burning for the expressed purpose of allowing such criminal to collect his insurance, knowing that such a verdict of guilty be rendered that this would void the insurance policy. Do you, a citizen of Tennessee, approve of such a flagrant abuse of justice?

When the people, courts and jurors, come to realize that the insurance companies are simply collectors of premiums and distributors of same to pay the fire losses, and that there will be a corresponding reduction in premium rates to a reduction in fire losses, then justice will be done, and the public will see that justice is meted out to all alike. Remember this. The people are paying the fire losses, not the insurance companies.

Public sentiment is becoming more crystallized against criminal burning and unnecessary hazards every day and as the subject is brought before the enlightened public by the press, the cooperation will become more general and the fire losses will be reduced accordingly.

A loss by fire is that much of the nation's values wiped from off the earth and can never be returned; the field for conservation is greater from this than any other.

I respectfully request all good citizens to report all fires and hazards coming under their observation, and assure them that such information will be kept in strict confidence and that their names shall not leave this office.

CHARLES W. SCHUYLER,
State Fire Prevention Commissioner.

McRoberts, Kentucky.

Special to the News.

Several attended meeting Sunday at Jeff Knights.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hollins called on Mr. and Mrs. James Pennington Sunday evening.

Sam Hatfield and family called on Frank Newsom Sunday to eat ice cream.

Mrs. Frank Newsom says she sure misses Mrs. W. H. Loveday and children.

Frank Newsom said he sure would like to be at Kelleys Ferry to help his kinsfolk eat chicken and fish.

Ye writer was sorry to hear of the death of Ruth M. Boatright, as we knew her well and loved her. Friends, let us live a life that we can see her again. We can meet her in heaven. The entire family has our sympathy. Grieve not, children and friends, prepare to meet her. A precious one from us is gone, a voice we loved so well, a place is vacant in her home that never can be filled.

Come on all ye writers of Kelleys Ferry, we sure do like to read your pieces.

If you want to see Robt. Newsom smile, just ask him to go hunting.

Mrs. Frank Newsom made a flying trip to Fleming Sunday.

Frank Newsom and Robert went to Fleming Sunday to see Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sexton.

Ye writer was sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Oscar Abbott, Honey.

FOR SUMMER TROUBLES

Hay fever afflicts thousands and asthma sufferers endure torture. Foley's Honey and Tar gives relief. It allays inflammation, clears air passages, eases rasping cough, soothes and heals. This wholesome family remedy contains no opiates--a bottle lasts a long time. For sale by J. W. Simpson & Son, Jasper, Tenn.

Is Tennessee to continue a laggard in population and industrial development? Are the other Southern States to continue growing at a rate two and one-half times as rapid as we? Of the fifteen states engaged in cotton manufacturing are we to continue foot? Are we to continue living under a constitution made for a small agricultural population and which we have long since outgrown? Are we longer to put up with a government so expensive and inefficient that it costs the tax-payers twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars to get rid of a corrupt judge? These are some of the questions that voters must answer when we vote August 3rd on a Constitutional Convention.

NO MONEY FOR CAMPAIGN.

If we win, the farmers, the industrial workers, the professional and business men must vote. Neither the railroads, the public service corporations nor the political leaders of the state are helping in the least. Nor have these influential interests contributed one cent to the campaign. We have never had money enough to pay printing, postage and clerical bills. We have not been able to supply as much literature as we have had calls for.

NEWSPAPERS SAVED US.

The newspapers alone, daily and weekly, have been alive to the great need of constitutional revision, and they have borne the brunt of this campaign, giving freely of their space and editorial support without a cent of compensation. To them all credit and honor is due.

VOTE AUGUST 3RD.

But farmers want to see their land values enhance and have a better market for their produce; laboring men want a better demand for their labor; professional men desire an increased demand for their skill; business men want more customers, and these things can only be when we amend our Constitution, revise our taxing system and make our state more attractive to both newcomers and new industries. The August election is the most important in fifty years.

J. L. MCWHORTER,
Chairman Tennessee Constitutional Convention League.

Lodge.

Special to the News.

Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins and boys made a call on Sam Reed Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hancock made a call on George Reed Sunday.

Miss Laura Reynolds looked pleased Sunday. Wonder why.

Lin Smith is visiting his sister, Mrs. Laura Payne.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hancock made a call on her father and mother Saturday night.

Mrs. Martha Hopkins called on her daughter, Mrs. Minnie Reed, Sunday.

Walter and Bee Alder made a call on Sam Reed Sunday.

Ike Hopkins made a call on George Reed Sunday.

Mrs. Hannah Reed made a call on her son, George Reed, Saturday night.

Red Bird.

HIGH SCHOOL OPENS MONDAY, AUG. 21.

The Marion County High School will open Monday, Aug. 21, for the fall session of 1916. Prof. J. J. Huggins, and the same corps of teachers as in first session will be in charge.

Should Charles E. Hughes be elected in November he will be our second President of Welch descent. Thomas Jefferson was the first.

St. Andrews School

St. Andrews, Franklin Co., Tenn.

New Term Opens August 7th

ALL GRADES

Also Business Course, Carpentering and Shop Work.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE